

# UNUSUAL CHARACTERS ON PAYROLLS OF BIG NEW YORK HOTELS



**A CHINESE CANDY GIRL.**

Alice Lee, winsome sixteen-year-old candy girl at the Hotel Claridge, first saw the light of day over her father's store on Mott street near the centre of dreamy Chinatown. Some day when she has sold many more five pound boxes of bonbons to diners at the Broadway hostelry she intends to take a trip to Paris. Miss Lee studied a year at the Washington Irving High School and says she has no desire to visit the land of her forebears. She says that pretty little ladies are not well treated in the Orient. She looks just like a fashionable American society girl when in her street clothes.



**KASSAM SMILE, THE BOMBAY CHEF.**

A guest enters the grill of the Breslin and gives an order for a rance cocktail, an order of Kaye Ka Shorba, followed by an entree of Murghi Degchee. Perhaps he is very hungry and wants some Bhooni Murghi-Multan and a salad order of Jhinga Pasni and a "side" of Kerka Manora. Then he has some Chawal aur Misala and a dessert of Baraf Biryani. The waiter takes the order without dropping dead and a hurry call is sent for the famous Bombay chef, Kassam Smile. The dinner is ready in a short time. Smile is a full blooded Indian from Sind, East India. He has been at the Breslin for eight years.

**THIS MAITRE D'HOTEL AN ARTIST.**

Dignified, distinguished looking Nestor Lattard (at the right), maitre d'hotel extraordinary at the Plaza, a gastronomic expert direct from the Paris haunts of the bon vivants, paints wonderful landscape scenes when not engaged in his covey little office on the main floor of the big Fifth Avenue Hotel planning the day's menu. He says that he prefers the brush and palette to salads and entrees. But one must make a living in order to turn out masterpieces to exhibit! M. Lattard studied at the Art Students League.



**GUARDIAN OF 100,000 KEYS.**

Frederick Gear, expert mechanic, guardian of a hundred thousand keys, is known as "Freddy Valentine" at the Vanderbilt Hotel. His lockery is in the basement of the hotel, far from the busy, bustling lobby. He takes his big responsibility lightly despite the fact that he is in charge of the locks of more than two hundred safe deposit boxes of the hotel office where the valuables of the guests are kept. One time a rich American who went down on the Lusitania became locked in his room. Gear was the right man in the right place with the right key.



**THE HOTEL TRAINED NURSE.**

Katherine Dalton lives on the twenty-second floor of the McAlpin in her odd moments. Sometimes she leaves her quarters in the morning and never returns with her medicine kit until after midnight. She is the official trained nurse for the hotel. Indisposed guests with headaches and vegetable cooks who have almost taken their thumbs off with a sharp fruit knife agree that Miss Dalton is doing more good right in the heart of America than she might as a Red Cross girl back of the first trench in Flanders. She is a modest girl and likes her work because she is constantly busy.



**THE OFFICIAL WELCOMER.**

"Look for the man with the red carnation!" Hundreds of globe trotters landing in New York for the first time have anxiously scanned the crowd on the dock to catch a first glimpse of Frederick Lack (at the left) and the red carnation in the lapel of his coat, knowing that as soon as Lack and his flower were sighted all the worries of travel were over for the time being. For the past eight years Lack has been the steamboat man for the Hotel Imperial and during that period has been at the docks to meet most transatlantic liners reaching New York.



**SHE IS A SANITARY EXPERT.**

Mrs. M. J. Simmons, sanitary expert for the McAlpin, has a very kind heart but is somewhat feared by other employees of the hotel. Her responsibility is great. If the plague broke out in the big Broadway hotel Mrs. Simmons would view it all in the line of duty. If the finger nails of one of the waiters need attention Mrs. Simmons is right there too. She is the archenemy of dirt in any form in any place. Even a New England housekeeper of the died in the purity kind would have to admit that the sanitary expert of the McAlpin is on the scent of germ laden dirt morning, noon and night.

The payrolls of big New York hotels contain the names of persons well-known at Newport and in fashionable European watering places. A guest at a big American hotel never knows who is serving him. The name of the obsequious waiter at his elbow with a slight foreign accent might be found in the Almanach

de Gotha, and before he met with adversity may have been an honored guest at the hotel where he is now serving. The ubiquitous bellhop answering a call for ice water may be the son of a banker with a place in the New York Social Register. Ex-bank presidents, actresses whose names once appeared on billboards

in every city in the country, artists with national reputations, defeated champions of the prize ring, dashing cotillon leaders of a decade ago are at the present time ringing in on the time clock and reporting each day to the timekeepers at the employees' entrance before going to their stations of duty.

## MME. YVETTE GUILBERT FINDS AMERICA TOO YOUNG FOR REAL ART EXPRESSION



**YVETTE GUILBERT.**

A NATION without a past is a nation with a handicap, according to Mme. Yvette Guilbert. It is to this handicap, gazing at Americans from the heights of an older civilization, that she attributes most of their artistic weaknesses and shortcomings. "You are so young," she said pityingly. "Five hundred years—what is that? To develop art and manners a country must be old. You are not only too young yourselves, but too isolated to have come under the influence of other old civilizations as the European nations have. So we in France were influenced by the Italians and the English were influenced by us. The early English literature is full of this French influence. Even Chaucer is essentially a plagiarist. But you have missed all that." While acknowledging the hospitality of the American public to European art, Mme. Guilbert has found little art expression here. Surprisingly little, she said, even in view of the extreme youth of America. "One would think you had no traditions," she exclaimed. "I find that so difficult to understand. It seems to me to show a lack of patriotism, a lack of respect for yourselves, that you do not develop an art of your own, based on your individuality and your experience. I find progress here in the appreciation of our art since my last visit, but so little that is yours. Have you, then, no poetry, no music, no songs of the people? Are you not Americans with a distinctive contribution to make or are there no Americans but the Indians?" "But your negroes they can sing," she went on with enthusiasm. "They have such beautiful voices. I will never forget how once in a hotel in San Antonio I heard the negro waiters singing. I have never heard anything like it. I would like to hear more such music." "As to your art," she continued, "there may of course be much of which I am ignorant. You too must have your artists and your students, but they are not among those I have met, although I should like to meet them. It seems to me, however, among the people I have seen that there is too little development from within, a tendency not to express what you think and feel but to buy the expression of others—or is it that spending is a form of expression with you?" "That tendency to spend strikes me particularly of course, coming from Paris. In Paris we do not spend nowadays even if we can. We are ashamed to buy things for ourselves. How can one when Paris is full of cripples and babies have no milk and the poor no coal in the coldest winter we have had for years? You Americans have helped us generously. Your hospital in Paris is magnificent, but you cannot conceive of the misery there is. No one can who has not been through such a horror."

"At one of your recitals," said the interviewer, "you spoke of the horror and beauty of war. The beauty is something we can't conceive either, most of us." "There is far more horror than beauty," Mme. Guilbert said. "It is mostly horror and misery—still an old man, too old to be drafted, who goes out to fight for his country, that is fine, is it not? It is that, the spirit of service, which all our people show." "Here is a little thing, for instance. On the day war was declared you could not get a taxi or a cab in Paris. They were all commandeered. On every side you saw the faces of people not used to walking dead with fatigue. But the fortunate ones who still had their own carriages were kept busy picking up the others and taking them to their destinations. No one thought anything of asking this favor, and no one who asked was refused. After all the opportunity to serve is a great opportunity." "But still," persisted the reporter, "isn't it service in a wrong cause? No matter what incidental beauty war brings out, isn't it just killing after all?" "Murder," agreed Mme. Guilbert, "and nothing else. To me it means simply the failure of men and of Governments. Until nations can find some other way to settle their affairs none of them can lay any claim to culture. In itself it can never have any virtue; it is only that we find some little compensation in the brave spirit of our people." "But do you think this war was inevitable?" Mme. Guilbert laughed. "I will make you a confession," she said. "In politics I am—well, the dullest person in the world." "But you are a feminist?" the reporter asked, remembering the spirited woman's songs that have made up so large a part of her programme. "Absolutely," Mme. Guilbert answered. "I know that women can do anything they really want to do. It is only a question of wanting it hard enough. It was so with me, it was so with my mother and it is so with all women. In your country especially I believe the women will even go ahead of the men. The women I have met here seem to me cleverer, keener than the men. But all women have one great advantage." "The reporter asked what it was." "We have not been taught that we have to have vices," Mme. Guilbert said seriously. "Surely that is an advantage. To an artist who wishes to perfect herself in her art it is of value that she does not interrupt herself because she absolutely has to smoke or simply must drink a cocktail—oh, those cocktails, what an abomination!—or is obliged to go in search of pleasure." "One of her inimitably expressive gestures completed the sentence and the interview."



**MME. GUILBERT IN COSTUME.**

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